of her day I could not help thinking of the many marriages in the other half of the world I have known hurried on also in case of " change." A demi-mondaine then is prouder than a society dame.

With the Hindu on both sides love is reticent. A girl would rather die than tell or show her preference, and on her marriage she takes the veil as a consecration, for in conservative families a bride never shows her face unless her mother-in-law raises her *sari* to look at it, never sees her husband in daylight, nor may meet him in darkness until the elder women are asleep. Perhaps that is the *raison d'etre* of the prolonged Hindu honeymoon.

And it means responsibility. No adult Hindu may live a life for number one, a life of watertight compartments so to speak.

Quite recently I read a letter written by one who in his day was one of the smartest officers of the Indian Army, who was wont to boast of having enjoyed life more fully than other men. Wrecked in health, crippled in

finance, hiding from his oldest friends, he wrote to one from his dying bed this terrible warning : " Take the advice of one who has been a part failure, for what have I in life ? Form ties when you

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